

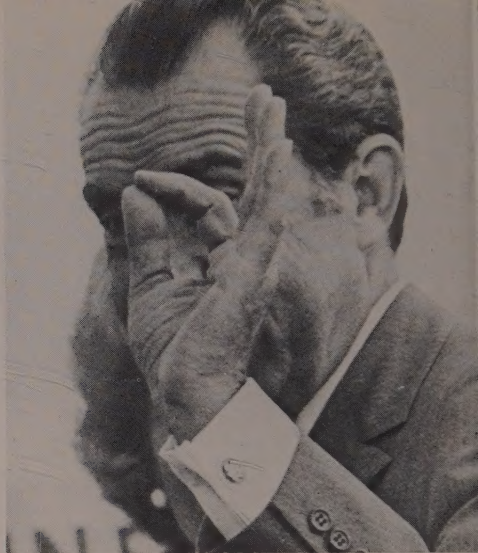
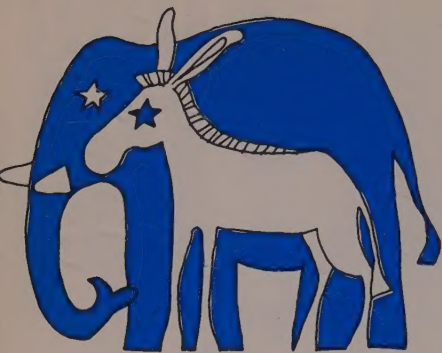


# ★ YOUTH ★

NOVEMBER 1972

**HOW TEENS CHOOSE TO VOTE  
BEYOND THE SURF IN HAWAII  
MARJOE THE PERFORMER  
OLYMPIC FAME AT 15**





# ON SELECTION

A Presidential election is a testing—  
priorities, of loyalties, of human nature.  
What's important to the people? What  
direction should the nation be going?  
What do the people really care? Do they have  
enough confidence to put human values

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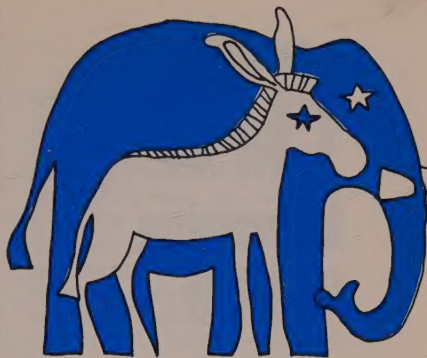
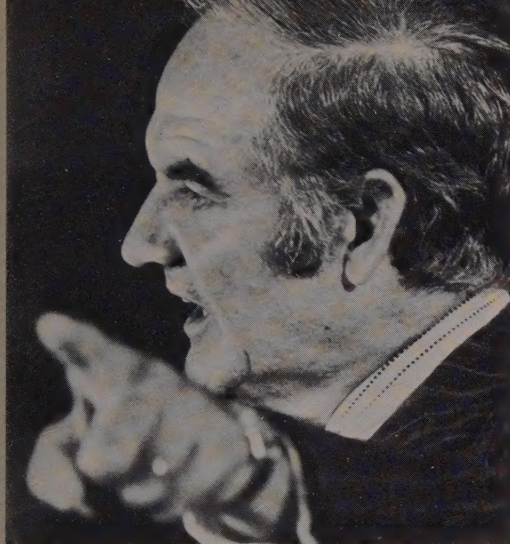
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# A PRESIDENT

first? And like all tests, an election is exhausting—of energy, of money, of talk, of patience. Key in this year's election are the youth who for the first time are officially invited to take part in it all. Will they respond? What do youth feel are the major issues and who can best handle these problems? Each of you has his own thoughts. But a spot check of our readers lists the war in Vietnam, tax reform, and the domestic economy (inflation, unemployment, welfare) as the major issues. Among our readers who stated a preference, there is an almost even split between President Richard Nixon and Senator George McGovern. But a significant 25% are undecided or for neither. Sample opinions appear on the following pages. Also, two of the many young people involved in this year's campaign share their experience and impressions.

**Nixon broke the barriers in Red China, he went to Russia, and he's going to stop the war peaceably and get the P.O.W.'s back.**

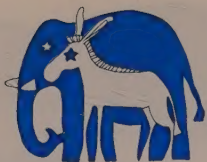
—Wanda Long, 14,  
Souderton, Pa.

**I believe that McGovern is attempting to win as a people's candidate and therefore will help the people.**

—Catherine Metzger, 16,  
Claypool, Ind.

**Both parties have to face the realities of the Vietnam war, the urban crisis (pollution, crime, overcrowding, etc.) and national unity (we need someone who can bring us together to work together).**

—Bob Sandman, 16,  
Kettering, Ohio



**Representing  
the people . . .**



Most politicians are more interested in winning votes than fighting for what they believe is right. They court several different groups, and make outlandish promises to them in order to win their voting strength. Then once these characters are elected, they do practically nothing except conjure up their next campaign promises.

—Lana Chandler, 17,  
Charleston, W. Va.

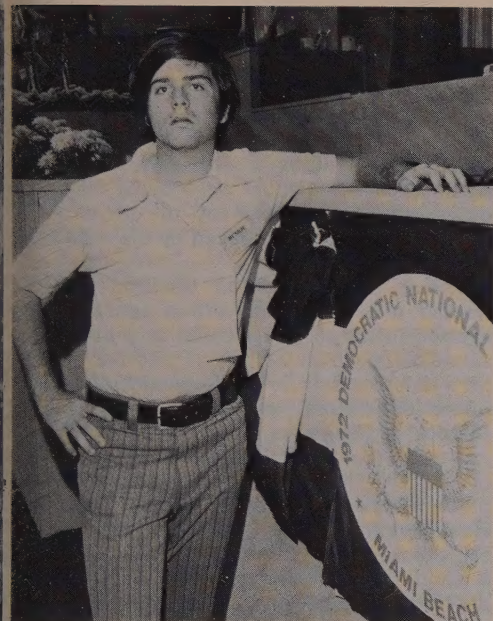


**JEFF LORD, 21, of Camp Hill, Pa.,** is a senior at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pa. He writes about his own campaign.

During the past several years I have so much that I felt was wrong with the image that people had of my age that I was determined to show we could work within the established system for peaceful change. Like many others of my generation, I had tremendously admired John and Robert Kennedy and what they stood for. And also like my contemporaries, I was depressed and angry at the things that were happening in our country. Assassinations, riots, a senseless war in Vietnam—these concerned me.

Combined with this feeling was a very deep belief in the principles of the Republican Party as established and practiced by men like Abraham Lincoln, Charles Sumner, Theodore Roosevelt, and George Norris. All these men believed in the principle of limited government. They believed that the individual, in most cases, was best able to determine what was right for himself without the government looking over his shoulder and pointing out what was wrong.





**KEN HAYS, JR.,** of Signal Mountain, Tenn., turns 18 on November 2, five days before the election. He entered Auburn University this fall.

Being the youngest delegate to the 1972 Democratic National Convention in Miami Beach was the most exciting experience of my life! With this distinction I found myself pursued for interviews and pictures by reporters and photographers from all over the country. Making the front page of my hometown newspaper, complete with a UPI photo, was also quite a thrill. I am still receiving clippings from across the country.

It all began when several of my school friends, who had already become involved in politics, encouraged me to seek the post of delegate to the Hamilton County Democratic Convention from my home precinct of Signal Mountain. I had given very little thought to politics prior to this, but the more they talked, the more I listened and the more I became interested in what they were saying.

My campaign consisted primarily of numerous phone calls and as many personal contacts as possible. When the count was tallied,

McGovern impressed me as an honest person who is seeking the job to better the country. His backing is from people who don't seek favors for it. I believe he can and will do his best to make our country one we can be proud of rather than an uncontrollable military industrial complex.

—Tom Cardwell, 19,  
Lincoln, Nebr.

Nixon has been dealing with the nation's major problems for four years and he's started things moving in the right direction. A newcomer would have to start afresh and he might break down what's already been built up.

—Becky Wiseman, 15,  
Hillsboro, Tex.

Nixon faced the war by decreasing ground forces and increasing air and naval forces. He faced the urban crisis not at all. And he has not brought us together. But McGovern is aware of the problems involved and I think when people listen to McGovern and see how he listens, they will unite behind him.

—Bob Sandman, 16,  
Kettering, Ohio

McGovern doesn't stick to what he says and changes his views to suit whatever type of audience he's speaking to. He also wants to increase welfare. With what money?

—Joni Strand, 17,  
Lake Zurich, Ill.



## Supporting your favorite . . .

Richard Nixon has done the best he could in his term. He did not give up Vietnam to the Communists, which I feel would have happened if there had been complete and immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops and air support.

—Mary-Helen Hibben, 16,  
Cincinnati, Ohio

McGovern's promises don't seem fake and he has a good sense of humor.

—Julia Johnson, 14,  
Chico, Calif.

Our country has to deal with (1) human relations (Vietnam, communications with China and Russia and other countries, racial relations within our own country); (2) economics (decreasing our unemployment and inflation rates); (3) ecology (more accurate information and effective laws).

—Holly Hearon, 16,  
Portland, Ore.

the way. While all of these men believe fervently in the rights of the individual, they also stood for a strong government that would not hesitate to intervene when the rights of the individual were being trampled on or when only action by the government could ease the burdens faced by the individual in his everyday life.

It was this Republican tradition that attracted me. Combined with a sense of obligation to do all that I could to promote responsible political activity, I decided to run for a delegate seat to the Republican National Convention from the 19th Congressional District of Pennsylvania.

I soon found out at first hand something of what it is like to be a candidate for public office. I appeared on TV and radio, was interviewed by the Associated press, gave speeches, shook countless hands (but did not lose a single baby!), met all different kinds of people, explained my views, listened to the views of others, and consumed an unknown quantity of peanut butter sandwiches, Coca-Cola, as well as the more traditional chicken and peas.

As the campaign progressed, I began to realize from actual experience what it is like to make this country tick.

People!

Despite the endless repetition of the phrase "We the People," it takes a political campaign to bring home to you the real meaning of that phrase and not just the theory of it. During the campaign I talked with housewives, businessmen, laborers, politicians, journalists and students. And I learned that the great majority of people are concerned about the country and where it is heading. They rarely hesitate to tell you what they truly think and they almost always listen to you with an open mind. The incidents where I was run over or treated I could count on one hand. But the number of times I was warmly received and listened to are so great I couldn't begin to count them.

Perhaps the greatest of my concerns as a candidate was my feeling that I was determined to tell the truth to people when I asked for their vote. Governments and political



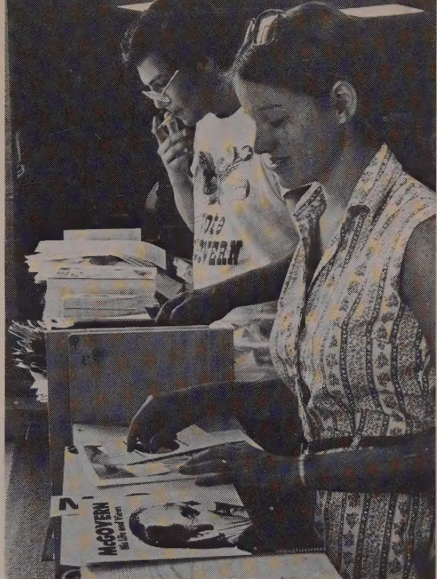
I was two votes shy of the delegate spot I had sought. However, all was not lost. I attended the Hamilton County Convention as an alternate delegate. Lady Luck served me well. I automatically became a full-fledged delegate at this convention when one of the delegates from my precinct could not fulfill her commitment. This gave me the opportunity to attend the state convention in Nashville.

Through my own efforts, as well as those of several of my good friends prominent in the Tennessee Democratic Party, my name was placed in nomination for an alternate-delegate-at-large from Tennessee's Third Congressional District. I was elected on the second ballot at about 3 a.m. Politics now took on a new light. I became more firmly convinced that youth did have a definite and important role in the political future of the United States.

Convention time had arrived! The adrenalin was flowing and excitement was building up within me. I arrived in Miami by plane—a trip I paid for myself from money earned in summertime job. No time for rest once the plane touched down. There were various meetings with the National Young Democrats, candidate supporters, and the Tennessee delegation. My first night went without sleep as I manned the telephones for the Democratic Telethon from midnight until 6 a.m. In fact, sleep was something I had very little of during my entire stay in Miami Beach. The convention sessions were all longer than normal, and it was difficult for me to sleep when I could—too much excitement!

After the opening night, it became evident that it was McGovern's convention all the way. He had a terrific organization and, for that, you have to give him credit.

It has been said that a "new party was born" at the convention. My feeling is that no one can deny this fact. Not a party with a new name, but a party with new ideas. About 85 per cent of the delegates in attendance were new to the political field. They represented groups of people who had not been represented before. To the best of their ability, the Democrats chose delegates from all



I feel that both candidates are neither honest nor voter-minded. Neither speaks from his heart. They speak from the top of their heads and out of the mouths of their political advisers. I can't respect either one of them. I cannot, therefore, vote honestly or in good faith for either one.

—Pvt. Daniel Dress, 18,  
Fort Jackson, S.C.





## Making your voice heard . . .



have lied to people for too long. Thus, in my own small way, I felt I had to do something to try to change that attitude.

When asked whether I would vote for President's renomination, I said yes. When I was asked if I was in agreement with Vice President Agnew, I would answer no and explain why. The issues discussed varied according to the interests of the people I was talking with at the time, but never at any time did I vary my answers simply to try to please the person I was talking to. It might surprise some politicians to know that "straight talk" does not mean loss of votes and in many cases wins votes from people who believe in hearing it told "like it is."

I will not pretend to be 100% in favor of President Nixon and all that he has done. I have disagreed with his conduct of the war and I have never hesitated to express that disagreement. And I have already indicated my disagreement with the conduct of Vice President Agnew. But there is more at stake in this election than those two issues.

What is at stake is the question of peace—not just peace in Vietnam, but world peace. Never in the 20th century has an entire generation existed without war. For the first time in a long time we have a President who understands the problems of securing a peace that could truly last. It has been Richard Nixon and he alone who reversed almost 30 years of history by insisting that Communism in China be brought into the family of nations. The fact that the President of the United States would journey to Peking and meet with Mao Tse-tung has more significance for the future of world peace than any other act performed by a U.S. President over the past 30 years. The President has also negotiated a truly historic Strategic Arms Limitation agreement that will take a large step toward reducing the perilous arms race.

In these two areas alone, President Nixon has shown himself to be a leader who is laying the foundation for a real generation of peace. And the connection between war, peace, and my campaign is the fact that the winning man in that local bar in Hanover, New Hampshire, and the PTA president in Littlestown have



walks of life whom they thought could and would represent the masses. Youth was certainly well represented and given the opportunity to voice its convictions.

The youth of the nation should definitely take pride in the fact that their counterparts at the convention acted as responsible citizens and performed their tasks well. The few demonstrations that occurred were peaceful—not like Chicago in 1968. All were well-behaved and impressed their elders as being ready to accept their roles of responsibility in state, local, and national affairs.

We need the guidance and wisdom of those who have preceded us. We cannot completely refute our elders who have guided our country for many years, but should join with them and give them the benefit of our knowledge, wishes and desires. Change is never easy to accept by anyone—old or young—but it has come and is here. We must try to accept it with as much humility and understanding as possible.

In the November election many of us will have the unique position of being the first 18-year-old group to have the opportunity to vote in a national election. Unfortunately, in past elections, youth have had an apathetic feeling when it comes to voting. Now that the voting age has been lowered and youth have been given opportunity to participate in this vital process of selecting a President, I only hope that we appear in masses to make our wishes known. We have been afforded this right to vote. Should we not see fit to exercise our prerogative in this—our very first opportunity as 18-year-olds, we will deserve any and all criticism that might be forthcoming from our elders.

I voted in my home precinct recently in both primary and general elections affecting the state and country. This was my first vote since being given this right. It gave me a new sense of security to know that, at last, my vote counts. I encourage all my peers to go to the polls to vote—regardless of their convictions.

Overall, I do feel that the Democratic Convention adopted a basically sound platform. There is no platform that will please every-

**McGovern is much more liberal as far as changing status quo and has the support of the young voters which is important.**

—Kathryn Radtkey, 16,  
Miles City, Mont.

**Although most people cannot know what pressures and issues probably hinder the President's progress towards ending the Vietnam War, Nixon is doing a very respectable job. This shows that he must have great determination.**

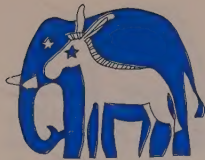
—Dennis Greenzweig, 15,  
Nazareth, Pa.

**Nixon has already waged an all-out war against crime and drugs, brought 500,000 men home from Vietnam—gradual withdrawal. His domestic policies have provided job security to 82,624,000 Americans at the highest wages in history.**

—Ann Burbach, 17,  
Whitefish Bay, Wis.

**President Nixon has only made problems worse. I worked for him in '68 because he was for ending the war. He didn't. Unemployment is at one of its worst rates in many years, a dollar doesn't buy much, and prices continue to rise, while salaries stay where they are.**

—Dave Cruthers, 17,  
Norwich, Conn.



## Deciding for yourself . . .

Nixon has worked to end the war and cut inflation, which is difficult to do with a Democratic Congress.

—Lea Ann Stout, 18,  
Mishawaka, Ind.

McGovern realizes how utterly senseless this war has been. His position on granting amnesty is definitely a step in the right direction—not punishing young guys for following their conscience.

—Janell Schrock, 17,  
Harmony, Minn.

I cannot support any candidate because each one has his drawbacks, but I think that either Nixon or McGovern could do a sufficient job. Since Congress holds most of the power, we should really be more concerned when it comes to their election.

—Karen Hume, 16,  
Woodside, Calif.

the real power in this country—the power to elect a President. For all the clamor made about media campaigns and this or that political device, never forget that when it comes right down to it, it is the people who make the decision on whether or not someone will represent them in public office.

On the night of April 25, 1972, I learned of the people's verdict on my campaign. According to the opinion of the "pro's," I had run one of the most active campaigns for a delegate seat in the history of our congressional district. I should win, they said.

But I lost.

I lost for a combination of reasons. I was a newcomer. My opponents were better known. But there was another reason—reason that convinces me now, more than ever, that people must become involved to maintain an interest in politics. To person after person, I had to explain the function of a delegate, how he was elected, what his responsibilities were. The public simply does not know how a President is nominated. To see the public have such potential for power and not know how to exercise that power was truly a frustrating experience.

The campaign was over and I had lost. On election night I was filled with many emotions and memories. What touched me most was seeing the tears in the eyes of some of my friends from college who had worked so hard for me on election day.

I remembered many incidents that had happened to me in the campaign—the man in the barber shop who refused my hand; the elderly person who confided to me that despite her Republicanism, she had voted (as a child) for William Jennings Bryan in 1896 and would never vote for a Democrat again; and there was the lady who was so discouraged by politics she cast only one vote on the entire ballot and that was for me.

I had lost an election, but I learned something about America and its people. □



body, but it must be suited to fit the candidate and what he believes. It would be somewhat disastrous for a convention to adopt a platform that its nominee could not support.

Though I went to Miami as a Muskie supporter, I feel that McGovern's nomination is what the majority wanted. If we are to believe in the majority rule, then we must accept its dictates. I am pleased with the choice of Sargent Shriver as Eagleton's replacement. He is a definite asset to the Democratic ticket. It will be an uphill battle, and will take a lot of hard work, but when the chips are down, we will accept the challenge and work together for the good of the party and the country.

Do I feel that McGovern can beat Nixon? Certainly! After all, McGovern was greatly underestimated when he first announced as a candidate for the nomination. In fact, he was given no chance by the pollsters. He proved his strength in the primaries and at the convention and literally walked away with the nomination. Don't underestimate Senator McGovern and his organization. Look back at 1948 when our parents went to bed confident that Thomas Dewey had defeated Harry Truman.

If I were to advise other young people about politics, I would have several suggestions. Start young. Even though you may not be of voting age, become involved. Take your responsibility seriously. Pick the candidates of your choice, regardless of party affiliations, and become active in their campaigns. If you are not satisfied with conditions as they exist today, do something about them through the political process as it exists today. Don't just sit back and complain. Strive to make our country an even better place in which to live. Start young and work into the political process.

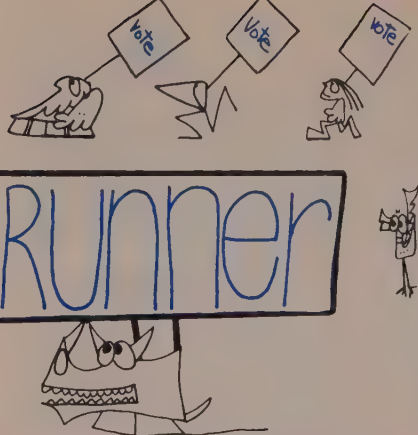
If politics gets in your blood, you naturally have plans. Just what shape or form these plans will take for me, yet remains to be seen. At this time I have no plans for making any race for a public office. I would prefer to assist in the campaigns of others, but I do want to be involved. Who knows what the future might hold? □

Nixon is too worried about the face of the nation looking good and doesn't seem to care if its insides are rotting out. McGovern is good at cutting down Nixon but I can't see what else.

—James Thompson, 18,  
Montpelier, Vt.

No man can hope to solve the problems of the United States. The people of America expect miracles right off the bat. When they learn that these problems can only be solved gradually, then they will elect a man who can solve their problems. —Kurt Daniels, 17,  
Finley Park, Ill.

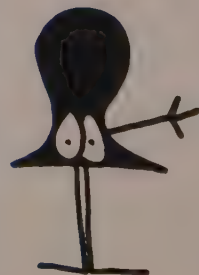




most americans  
have a scientific  
way of voting

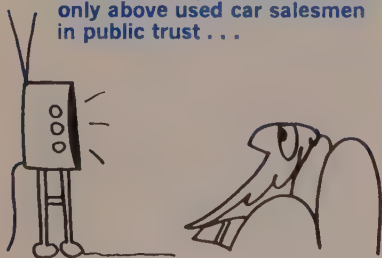


they watch the  
debates, read the  
editorials, and  
even meet the  
candidates

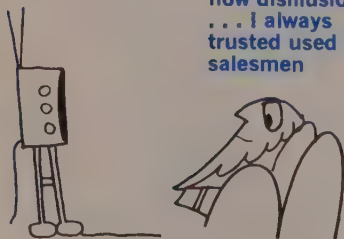


then if the sun  
out, they vote

in a recent survey it was  
revealed that politicians ranked  
only above used car salesmen  
in public trust . . .



how disillusioning  
. . . I always  
trusted used car  
salesmen





# VOTE

what can one vote  
mean . . .



# VOTE

that's what i  
say, too



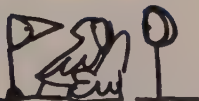
# VOTE

one vote isn't  
going to change  
a thing . . .



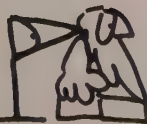
# VOTE

we should form a  
one vote doesn't  
matter club . . .

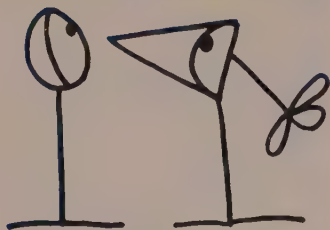


# ..VOTE..

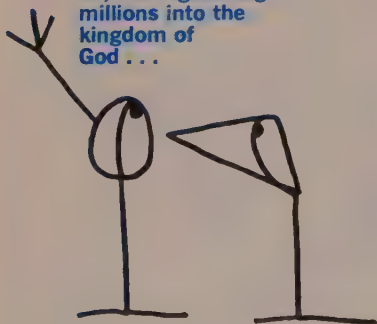
but there are too  
many of us . . .



are you registering  
people to vote

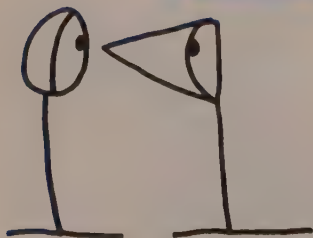


no, i'm registering  
millions into the  
kingdom of  
God ...



would you care to  
sign up ...

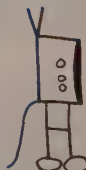
if you don't mind  
my registering as  
a non-partisan ...



"and we'll keep marching until  
millions are brought into the  
kingdom of God on every  
continent ..."

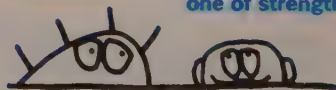


my goodness, it  
sounds like  
another war



did you know  
that religion  
aims at us at  
our weakest  
moments

i disagree ...  
my religion is  
one of strength



how's that

because i only  
pray when i  
have to





what are  
you doing



i'm giving the jesus sign

you point to heaven to  
indicate jesus as the one  
way to salvation . . .





never mess around with  
a black belt





NUDE IN X  
THE MUD X  
daring, exciting  
revealthes...

soon they're going to start  
noticing we don't wear any  
clothes

NAKED X  
DREAM X  
(A REALITY)



what a terrible day



i have too many  
problems to cope  
with . . .



i only got to call  
one guy a male  
chauvinist



i need a crisis

# EXPLO





# '72

**When 80,000 young Christians got together to prepare for a world evangelism campaign, what happened?**

"Explo changed my life," said one high school junior. "I thought I was a Christian before, but I didn't know what it was all about. I plan to take the four spiritual laws back home and change my high school this fall."

Explo '72 was a gigantic "rally for Jesus" held in Dallas, Tex., June 12-17, and attracting 80,000 delegates (mostly high school and college students) from all 50 states and many nations. Meant to be a "spiritual explosion," Explo was basically a massive evangelistic training conference sponsored by the Campus Crusade for Christ, a fundamentalist evangelical campus organization. Its goal is to mobilize and train Christians to carry the claims of Jesus Christ to the entire nation by 1976 and to the world by 1980. And the program at Explo was aimed at teaching its delegates how to witness for Jesus Christ and to share that witness everywhere.

Each day the mornings were scheduled for Bible study, workshops, and action groups, the afternoons were for "witnessing" in the Dallas area or for optional seminars, and the evenings were for mass



gatherings in the Cotton Bowl. The week-long conference ended on Saturday with a nine-hour "Jesus music" festival on a five-block mall near downtown Dallas. It was attended by an estimated 180,000 persons and starred Johnny Cash, Kris Kristofferson, and musicians from the folk-singing and Jesus rock world, plus Dr. Billy Graham, prominent evangelist, and Dr. Bill Bright, the Crusade's founder and president, who were key speakers at both the evening events and the festival. Dr. Graham called Explo a "religious Woodstock." Dr. Bright called it an historic event. For the young delegates, it was inspiring and fun.

"I feel fantastic," said Arlene Kossen, 17, Miami, Fla. "At home I was having lots of problems with my parents and all. Here I can talk with people. It's a high."

"I've met so many great people," said Jim Campbell, McLean, Va. "The spiritual training I'm getting here is unreal and everyone is so friendly. I imagine Heaven is going to be like this, but not as hot."

Cathy Shaw, 18, Columbus, Miss., noted "Everyone here is dedicated to the same purpose—sharing their faith. It's a miracle."

"They're great kids," said a Dallas policeman on duty at the Cotton Bowl. "I haven't been called a pig once."

"The neatest thing was the first night," relates one young woman.



Index fingers pointing heavenward symbolized the "one way" which delegates were proclaiming

"It was not what anyone said but what God did himself. There were so many dark clouds all around the Cotton Bowl and it started to sprinkle, so everyone bowed their heads and started praying. And it was really neat, because all of a sudden the sky just sort of opened up and the dark clouds just went away. It was really clear. Then you





knew that God wanted you there."

On Thursday night it rained in the Cotton Bowl, but most delegates remained seated and attentive. One student commented, "Almost 80,000 people here in the Cotton Bowl prayed that it wouldn't rain tonight. There were probably 200,000 farmers praying that it would. We were simply out numbered."

Most of the Explo publicity—both in the newspapers and on the network TV shows that followed—featured the huge rallies, the swinging music, the young shining faces, the big names, and the obedient crowds. But the backbone of Explo was its training program for "witnessing"—carrying the message of Jesus Christ to the masses back home. And the basic tools for witnessing were two booklets, known as "The Four Spiritual Laws" and "The Holy Spirit Book." The first book was for use with those who were not Christians nor "born

again" and the second book was for Christians who were not experiencing the full life as defined by the Campus Crusade.

The four spiritual laws are: God loves and has a plan for everyone, everyone sins and thereby separates himself from God, Jesus is God's only way for correcting this condition, and everyone must "individually receive Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord" to know God's love and plan.

The training told the delegates when and how to use each booklet. Many delegates used the afternoons to test their witnessing skills in house-to-house visitation and by confronting people on the streets, downtown and in shopping centers of Dallas.

"I was scared," reported a sophomore from Indiana University, "but the Lord cared for me." Talking of her door-to-door witnessing, she said, "It took about an hour each place, because we shared the



four spiritual laws. Most said they were Christian but not a born-again believer, so we'd go through the book with them."

What did she mean by a "born-again believer"?

"They may have attended church all their lives, but they never have asked Jesus Christ to come into their hearts. I was raised a Catholic and until two years ago, I had never even heard of inviting Jesus Christ into my life personally. I knew he was there and everything, but never the personal relationship."

"The greatest need of our 20th century is a rediscovery of the revolutionary love of the first century," Dr. Bright reiterated in one of his evening sermons. "There is no greater power known to man — power that transforms the lives of all who share it. The Bible commands us to love God, our neighbors, ourselves, and our enemies. He promises us the power to do so



From the smallest group to the two top leaders, the "explosion" was well organized

if we will simply have faith in Him."

"If we want to know what God is like," Dr. Graham told the young people, "We need to take a long look at Jesus. He was interested in social problems and in racial tolerance, but He came for another purpose—to die for the sins of the world. When I see Jesus on the



cross, I see myself there, and from that cross God is saying, 'I love you. I'm proving my love by giving my Son.'"

Not all participants were uncritical.

Some questioned Explo's lack of openness to opposing viewpoints.

Although it had agreed to the rigid fundamentalist creed in advance as had all participants, a Mennonite peace booth in the exhibit area was asked temporarily to stop distributing literature about conscientious objection and Christian opposition to the war because it was not in the interest of Explo's main concern. An hour later a flag ceremony in the Cotton Bowl praised the virtues of U.S. military power. Some foreign delegates wondered about this nationalistic emphasis at a conference billed as an international event and on an evening commending world ministry.

Chants of "Stop All Wars" inter-

rupted the Navy chief of chaplain one evening in the Cotton Bowl. The small band of protestors unfurled a banner proclaiming "Cross or Flag—Christ or Country." But the protestors were coolly and calmly received.

One youth said, "This isn't the right place for that. Explo doesn't have anything to do with politics."

When asked about this lack of social criticism in the name of Jesus, Dr. Bright replied, "Explo '72 can do more to bring peace to the world than all of the anti-war activity we have been seeing. Changed people in sufficient numbers make a changed world."

Dr. Graham's response was, "We're all against the war that is brought about by sin in the hearts of people, but the issues of war, peace, and pacifism couldn't be solved here today."

Sharon Strachan, 23, Hayward, Calif., said, "Personally, I'm against the Vietnam war. But I think most



Mass enthusiasm moved the youth to a oneness often felt at big festivals.







of us came here to share Christ and such things as the war and the drug scene are secondary matters."

But Sharon Gallagher, member of a Jesus group known as the Christian World Liberation Front in Berkeley, Calif., was one delegate who felt Explo overlooked the social dimensions of the Christian faith. "The whole thing reminds you of the Roman Coliseum," she said observing the Cotton Bowl rallies, "except in those days the Christians weren't in the stands. Something's changed."

"Big money! Big leadership! Big organization! Big media! BIG!" was the way a Jesus movement follower described his disappointment with Explo. "Step right up! The Man will authenticate your Christianity! It's a 2.7 million-dollar Christian blow-out! Mass Christianity versus a personal relationship with Jesus. How much real training? Real commitment? Can it last? Fantastic organization! But, evangelism versus propaganda? Obedience to Christ versus conformity to Almighty Establishment? The line is thin! Confusing!"

One participating black evangelist called Explo's relationship

with the black people "evangelical colonialism." "This is obviously a white Anglo-Saxon movement. Its relevance to black America is not clear." The percentage of black delegates (about 3%) would have been smaller if it had not been for Explo's special scholarship fund to encourage ethnic participation.

For Ellen Annala of Indianapolis, Ind., Explo raised many questions: "Why are we not free to ask questions about one another's faith? Do we fear we're wrong or do we fear the right answer is too much for us? Easy answers do not help youth to grow. Being told what to do without questioning is not making my faith my own. How can youth ever learn to think for themselves if we cut off their doubting?"

"How can we talk only of individual sin and personal salvation when our Christian faith prods our conscience to respond to group sin and social solutions that demand Christian activity to effect change? Does asking Christ to 'be on the throne of my life' mean all my growing stops and all my daily involvements cease? And is a human's basic nature evil, especially when he or she has been created out of love by God and in the image of a loving God? Are we not all children of God?"

"And have we gotten so wrapped up in worshipping and idolizing Jesus that we've lost sight of the true nature of God? Explo should

Roving camera crews filmed the stars to catch the action for network viewing



be only a small beginning of a person's search for God's truth and for a Christian life-style — active, responsive to human need, continued growth and re-defining in terms of a changing world."

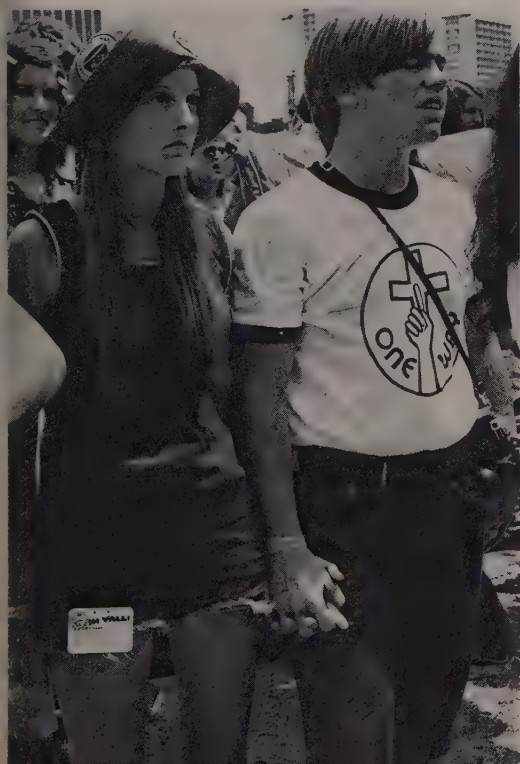
"Another wonderful thing about Explo is it did not end in Dallas," writes 17-year-old Colleen Crouse when she returned home. "Right here in St. Helens, Ore., an action group has been set up. It isn't much yet, but with God's guidance, it will grow."

"Operation Penetration" is the Crusade's long-term follow-up of Explo, beginning with regional

meetings held in July and August to train a core of persons ready to witness this fall in every high school and college in the U.S. Each Explo delegate was to return home and witness to ten people who were each to enlist five people to attend these area meetings.

"The young people have made an end run around the church," Dr. Graham told the cheering "Jesus people" on that closing Saturday afternoon, "and we're going back home to the church and say to the church, 'We believe in the old-fashioned Gospel of Jesus Christ.'" □





Will "Praising the Lord" replace the Woodstock people with "God-stock" people?



# STRANGERS IN PARADISE

TEXT BY EDWIN RAMONES AND RENIE AGSALDA  
Edited by Dorothy Robinson

The North Shore of the Hawaiian island of Oahu attracts surfers in the winter. In the summer it attracts sun worshippers. Year 'round it attracts Filipino immigrants. Many people know of Hawaii's surf, sun and sand, but few are aware of its new immigrants.

Young people at the Waialua

United Church of Christ, while quite aware of the surf, sun and sand, are also aware of the new immigrants. For some of us awareness comes because our relatives are among the new arrivals. Others are children or grandchildren of immigrants, or are themselves immigrants. All atten





Photos from Paul Robinson

school with recent immigrants. We are also aware of their problems. It is out of this awareness that the Waialua Teen Center came into being in the summer of '72. Our story is wrapped up in the history of Hawaii.

Hawaii's people are of many ethnic backgrounds. Because of

Hawaii's central location in the Pacific, throughout history people have come from all directions and settled here. At first, large groups of immigrants came in response to the needs of the sugar cane and pineapple plantations. As the production of "pine" and sugar increased in the 1800's, workers

were imported from the East. First came the Chinese. When their children became educated and left the plantations, Japanese were imported in great numbers. About 1915, along with the last large immigration of Japanese came the first influx of Filipinos.

Today the economic supremacy of sugar and pineapple has given way to tourism and the military in Hawaii. Waialua, however, is still a plantation town. The sugar mill is the center of interest and economics, and the majority of those who work on the plantation today are Filipinos. Many of these workers live in houses rented from the plantation near the mill. Although Honolulu and Waikiki are only 30 miles away, Waialua is not part of the city life. It is a small town in a rural area.

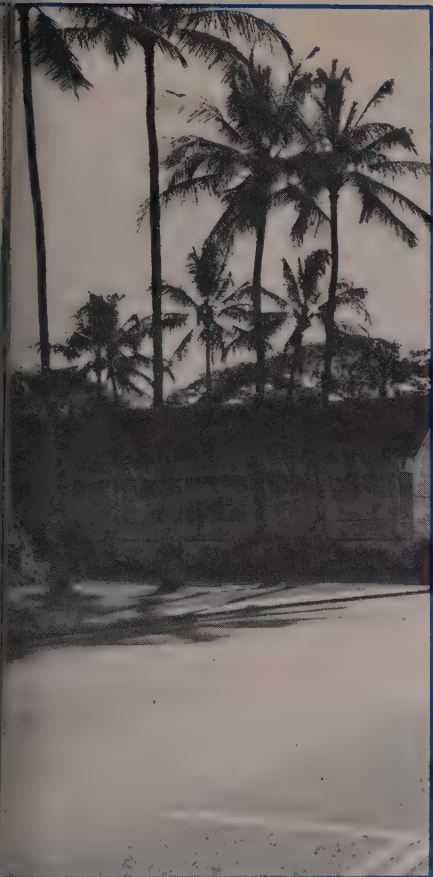
Each year Waialua becomes the new home for 300 to 500 immigrants from the Philippine Islands. Almost all who come here are sponsored by relatives or friends in accordance with U.S. immigration laws. Unlike most Filipino immigrants in the rest of the United States, these people speak Ilocano. Tagalog is the official dialect in the Philippine Islands, while Ilocano is native to the northern part of Luzon. It is from this provincial area that the Filipinos in Waialua come. In northern Luzon today electricity, running water and other modern "necessities" are scarce. However, the Hawaiian



**Most tourists to Waikiki are unaware of the rural Hawaii only 30 miles away.**

plantation houses, though poor by mainland standards, have electricity, running water and a car garage. So to the recent immigrant, people in Waialua seem wealthy indeed.

Teenagers are among the immigrants now arriving in Waialua. Because plantation policy pro-



Waialua High and Intermediate School

vides transportation for workers only, Filipino immigrants must struggle to save enough money to have their families join them in America. Parents who were separated from their families suffer guilt feelings about this separation. Like other parents, they want to give their children all they can

after they come to Waialua. Often the teen-aged boy plays on these feelings and gets a fast car from his father. Then the boy begins to feel he has made it, for in the Philippine Islands success would be having a car, electricity and running water. The parents who are proud of their own accomplishments and hard work, begin to feel the son is lazy and unappreciative. This leads to pressure on the immigrant teenager from his family.

High school immigrants are faced with problems that younger and older immigrants do not have. Young children are still flexible enough to pick up English from around them. For the older immigrants there is a large community of Ilocano-speaking people in Waialua. One can do banking, use the post office services, and buy groceries—all in Ilocano. Certainly an adult who speaks only a little English is handicapped, for job opportunities are limited, though he can live an acceptable life. But for those who must go to school, the language problem is foremost.

Most teenagers, before they come to Waialua, have studied English in the Philippine Islands. They find two distinct problems here, however. For high school classes their English is limited by vocabulary and pronunciation. Outside school a colloquial "pidgin" English is used. The proper English they have learned does not



prepare them at all for this. They are caught, for, on one hand, their English is not good enough and, on the other, it is too good.

Usually recent immigrants are placed back a grade or two when they start school here. Because they are unable to understand the English necessary to keep up with the class, they often fall further behind. Many immigrants are shy and are also ashamed of their English, so they speak very little. The combination of being older, behind, and silent makes others think the immigrants are dumb. It isn't long before they no longer even try to convince the local teachers or students otherwise.

At Waialua High School, as at most schools, there are many groups. Added to the athletes vs. the scrawnies and the smarties vs. the dummies, are groups of different ethnic backgrounds. But the immigrants have a difficult time fitting into a "with-it" group.

Waialua High School still has an official dress code, but it is the unofficial dress code which separates the immigrant from the local teenager. Perhaps it is the lack of two little bare feet stitched on knit shirts that identifies the newcomer. Perhaps it is the use of hair oil instead of the natural look that separates. Unfortunately, the recent arrival isn't able to distinguish those things which set him apart. Bewildered by the local language, overwhelmed by the new



**A knife fight gives Filipinos a bad name rather than saying "you hurt my pride"**

abundance of electric gadget how can he recognize the significance of two tiny bare feet? According to a sociologist in the area, the local teens think the immigrant "dresses funny, looks greasy, talks funny and lacks manners." No wonder the immigrants usually stay within their own group. In their shyness they do not want to encourage laughter or draw attention to themselves.

Some of the problems of the new immigrants have a cultural basis. In the Philippine Islands, man's dignity is very important. Fighting to protect one's pride is acceptable and expected. In Waialua, the local Filipino teens soon realize a knife fight gives Filipinos

a bad name, rather than being a way of saying "you hurt my pride." The local girls are turned off by comments or whistling by the Filipino boys—not the intention of the boys at all. The immigrant males give the impression to those outside their group that they think themselves "hot" or "tops." Misinterpretation of action is the result of the cultural differences between the Philip-pines and Hawaii.

Rosemary Subia, the daughter of immigrants, feels that the girls are more likely than the boys to be motivated toward education. She also thinks that immigrant girls are more easily accepted. The girls, of course, are less likely to have a fast car for escaping, or to start a physical fight, or to embarrass the local teenagers. Of course, it is possible that the girls who do not overcome their shyness and find acceptance silently return to families or to marriage and fall from sight.

If girls are more likely to fit into the school, perhaps it is a result of the work of Dr. Henrietta LaGud. Miss LaGud, a Filipino immigrant, is hired by the Hawaii State Immigration Service to work in Waialua High School with immigrant students. Although she works with boys as well as girls, she is an ideal image for the girls to follow. Miss LaGud is the sponsor of the Bayanihan Club at the high school. "Bayanihan" means

"working together" and the club stresses Filipino culture and produces exquisite and quite professional dance performances. Through the club students have close contact with Miss LaGud who inspires many of the immigrants.

The young people at the Waialua United Church of Christ understand the problems facing our immigrant friends. This may be because the youth at the Waialua UCC are Filipino. We have more contact with the Filipino immigrants than do students of other ethnic backgrounds, mainly because we have relatives among the recent immigrants. But we also feel that acceptance is better now than it once was. Yet, on occasion we still hear people say "Go back home!" to the immigrants.

The Waialua United Church of Christ serves the people of Waialua—Japanese, Filipino and haole (Caucasian). It is a combination of two earlier congregations, one Japanese and one Filipino. Last year when the young people began a youth group, they were given one of the older church buildings to use. They painted it a brilliant blue inside and used it for weekly meetings of their club, The Sunshines.

When summer plans were being made, there was strong feeling shared by the Sunshines and their pastor, Paul Robinson, that the building should be available to all young people in the community.

They hoped that in a non-school meeting place the barriers between immigrants and local teens could be broken down.

The Sunshines invited the Bayanihan Club to help them work out plans for a summer program. Although Mr. Robinson and Miss Lagud attended the meetings, the decisions were made by those of us who would be part of the center. Renie Agsalda, president of the Bayanihan Club, made sure that the process was worked out together by all those at the meetings. The by-word became "responsibility." Every rule was struggled over and voted on. Finally a basic plan was outlined. Waialua Teen Center would be open daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays opening was postponed until 1 p.m., although those who didn't attend church would have preferred an earlier opening! All young people between 12 and 20 within the Waialua school district would be welcome. Membership cards would be sold to help defray costs of outings and equipment.

Although some of the members were unsure of themselves at first, they nevertheless did all the work involved in the opening of the teen center. A group led by Edwin Ramones met with the plantation manager to ask for financial support. Edwin said of that encounter, "None of us had ever been to the manager's office. Why I didn't

even know he had one." To the delight of all involved, the meeting was successful.

On June 11, 1972, the Waialua Teen Center was opened grandly. At the windows were tie-dyed curtains designed by the girls. Besides the much used ping pong table was a newly acquired pool table. Chairs had been resurrected from around the church grounds and painted bright colors. The boys had constructed tables from discarded electrical wiring spools. Some of us had written and distributed brochures about the purpose of the center. Others made posters, furnished refreshments, picked flowers and made leis. We invited church dignitaries, high school faculty, newspaper reporters, and the whole town. In discussions before the opening, the YMCA in the neighboring town of Wahiawa had agreed not only to loan us a pool table, but to provide a worker to help with the summer program. Allen Watanabe, a Waialua product, had recently returned from YMCA work in Los Angeles. Through the use of Allen's talent, the Waialua Teen Center became a part of the YMCA, although there was no formal official union.

Even at the grand opening there were some disappointments. The basketball court, promised by the church, was not ready. There had been little response to a request for used furniture. The Bayanihan





**Would the teen center help  
bring together young Filipino  
immigrants and local youth?**

Club and the Sunshines were well represented, but there were no outsiders, none of the immigrants who were most alienated.

Since June the center has had success—and it has had failure. For those who came during the summer it was a success. Members had the opportunity to go

camping for several days at a time, to bowl, and hike and go into Honolulu for a Rock concert. Both immigrants and local teens have come and battled out endless games of pool, millions of dollars worth of Monopoly, and meetings planning for the future.

Yet throughout the summer, the



## Endless games of pool and millions of dollars of Monopoly

large group of immigrants who rode around town in their fast cars did not become members of the teen center. It was only when the members returned unexpectedly from a camping trip for some sports equipment that they found the basketball court covered with this group of teenagers. As

the word had spread that the center was closed, these outside teenagers had come over to see the court!

As we thought about it later, we realized that one of the problems in reaching this group had been the membership fee. It enabled those within to do more things

ut separated those who belonged from those who did not. Another problem was that in the Philippine islands intimate contact between young people is discouraged. Large groups are acceptable, but closeness between a few teenagers is not. It was the closeness of those within which held off those without. That night on the basketball court the alienated immigrants shyly asked about membership for the school year.

As the summer ended, the Waialua Teen Center planned a different fall program. We continue to have members, although the membership fee is reduced. We continue to plan group outings. The building is used during the week, however, not as a drop-in center, but as a study and tutorial center. Sports teams practice outside for participation in YMCA leagues. The new program promises to bring in many old and new faces for the relaxed weekend activities.

No one in Waialua wants new immigrants to be dumped into the melting pot where their cultural heritage will be swirled away into nothingness. Our group of about 50 teenagers at Waialua Teen Center is working hard to save the current crop of immigrants from the desperation and frustration and degradation that others have felt as young people in Waialua. □



**A basketball court opened the door to new friends in Waialua**



**Authors Renie Agsalda and Edwin Ramones**





# MARJOE

Former child evangelist makes documentary exposé  
By Lewis Archibald

## THE FILM

It is old footage, made in the late 1900's and shiny bright with the simple colors used then, and what it shows is a very young boy with a big nose and sculptured curls standing stiffly in a tight suit and looking straight out at you. "Howdy," the child says in an unnaturally large voice. "I'm Marjoe Gortner, and I'm in town to give the Devil two black eyes." The boy accompanies these words with very

large, very awkward body gestures that twist and turn him around like an epileptic kite. He is obviously speaking and acting by rote.

Cut to the present. A tall rangy man, with the same nose and just about as many curls, is talking to a film crew. He is still an evangelist and has been one since he was that little boy, and the crew is about to follow him out on a tour of the revival circuit churches in this country. First, however, there

*"Jesus is so good to me tonight!  
But the take sure isn't as  
heavy as it used to be."*



are things the crew must know about, things they must look for, things they must not do.

"Now there'll be some layin' on of hands on someone," the man Marjoe says, "an' you gotta zoom in with the camera, 'cause you gotta see this." People will fall in the aisles, he explains, and this should be caught too. But don't get involved with any of the parishioners, he adds: "I never take out a girl from the church. I stick to

airline stewardesses." He also conditions against smoking, against long hair, and finally he tells the group that they'll get along fine if they just don't talk to anyone about religion. If anyone tries to convert you, he says, "just say you and me are washed in the same Blood of the Lamb, brother." The grown-up Marjoe is a very hip, very irreverent young man.

Cut to the revival meeting in full progress. The shouting is

*It's obvious the film makers have no respect for the people they are filming.*





started. The singing has warmed everyone up. The local preacher has had his turn at rousing the crowd. Now Brother Marjoe is upon them, and they're moaning and groaning in the aisles. Marjoe whips around them. Up one aisle and back down again, back and forth across the room, touching people as he goes. "Can God save an alcoholic?" he cries, and the crowd says "Yes!" "Can God save a drug addict?" he cries, and the crowd shouts "YES!" "Can God save a homosexual?" he cries, and the crowd screams "YES!"

Then he starts the pitch for his record album. Holding up the cover he calls out, "There's a message in here, 'Hell With The Lid Off' that has saved literally thousands of people." He goes on for awhile forcibly selling that album.

In other places he sells prayer clothes that supposedly hold the power of redemption in them but otherwise look like red bandannas. The people start rising from their seats. "Now I want you to get out the largest dollar bill that you have. If you believe," Marjoe says, and the people reach for their wallets. They come forward to be personally blessed by those red bandannas. They line up in ecstasy and at the moment of impact, some are so overcome they swoon, knocking over the people in line behind them like dominoes in a row. Soon there are so many people, so much money, that the men assisting

Marjoe are tearing the bandannas in half so there'll be enough to go around.

"Oh, God is so real tonight!" Marjoe cries, while the people stagger by, drooping and fainting, embracing and twitching, transformed by this touch of the Lord's anointed. "Have you given the Holy Ghost some resting place?" Marjoe shouts. "He wants a full place in your life."

Cut to after the meeting. Marjoe is dividing the profits with the local preacher on what appears to be a 50-50 basis. "You really brought 'em out tonight," the preacher chuckles, and the two get a good laugh out of the size of their take. Later Marjoe throws the money onto his motel bed and cries out, "Oaaaah, thank ya, Jesus. Jesus is so good to me tonight! But the take sure isn't as heavy as it used to be."

Cut to the same scenes repeated again and again with the hypocrisy underlined. A pastor at a very well-stocked dinner table talks about his real estate holdings in Argentina. A very stout, hatchet-faced lady evangelist says firmly, "We don't use God's money for foolishness," while taking her fourth offering at that particular service, and the camera zooms in on a heavily bejeweled brooch she wears on her robe. "Because I was 'faithful' God's now given me a Cadillac," a perspiring preacher cries and goes on to relate how he'd tried to fast

talk the Buick and Ford people and got nowhere, but when he went to the Cadillac showroom God made sure he got one.

Then, scenes of Marjoe touching his people, working his crowds, effecting "cures" are intercut with him making fun of it all later to friends, even with him pretending to cure a perfectly healthy and not very interested hound, saying "God's delivered the little dog. He came in in a wheelchair, and now he's delivered."

Cut to Marjoe himself talking again to the film makers. "I've got to get out," he says, and this is the way he's going to do it. He'll make one last tour and take them along. Let them film everything. They'll show him up as a cheat and a hypocrite, and then he'll never be able to go back. He'll be out for good.

"And why does he want to get out?" someone asks. Marjoe says he can't take it anymore. He can't go on lying. He wants to get out of the ministry and into acting or singing or some kind of performing that honestly labels itself as performing. What does he think of himself then for doing this all these years? Marjoe hesitates, and finally says, "I'm bad but not evil."

## THE MAN

Marjoe in person is not nearly as prepossessing as he is when chugging around those church halls, dragging his microphone cord be-

hind him. He seems taller, skinnier, much more of a hyphen. His eyes have a slightly wide-set look as if someone had just shined a heavy light at them. His skin seems more freckled, more tightly stretched. His bony, tanned hands clench and unclench a lot.

"What did I mean by 'bad but not evil'?" he says, and then speaks forth. Words have always come easily from him. "I think that what I did—in a way it was bad, because I was saying things I didn't believe. But on the other hand, it wasn't really evil, I wasn't really hurting people. Those people got the money's worth, and they enjoyed my preaching. People would come up to me and say 'that was the greatest sermon I ever heard.' The only thing evil I was really doing to them was, maybe, not helping them to overcome their problems. I mean, young kids came to my meeting, and they can dance in my meetings 'til they fall down, that's the Spirit, that's Jesus movin', that's beautiful. But they don't tap their feet or do a little dance to a rock 'n roll record, and they're possessed of the Devil. And that's bad.

"It was those things that made me know that I had to get out. Young kids comin' up to me, feeling they were damned to Hell because they had a sexual relationship before they got married, and they were in love, and I'd have to say, 'well, talk to your pastor.

ouldn't say the way I really felt about it. 'Cause if I did, I'd be backballed immediately. The pastor would say 'Aha!', and the network among churches is very very tight, and I'd be ousted as preaching an anti-religion, a devil thing, and there'd be no more meetings. "I could have done it, yes," Marjoe admits. "I could have gotten up before one congregation, maybe reached 300 people. I would have been immediately stopped,

probably the p.a. system pulled out while I was talking. This way, at least with the film, people can go see it again and again, and it's out there. And I really hope that some of these young lads who are caught up in this very hypocritical type of religion—the Pentecostal—will say, 'Hey wait a minute' and get out of it."

Marjoe got out of it once when he was about 14 years old. He married, had a daughter and tried



*He wanted to get out of the ministry and into some kind of performing that honestly labels itself as performing.*



*"The only evil thing I was really doin' to them was not helpin' them overcome their problems."*



various jobs (none of which movie sees fit to reveal). But he went back in. He says he had a p

"I thought I could use that medium," he now recalls. "I didn't go back believing, but I thought I could use that medium to tell people about the war and ecology, you know, things pertinent to today. And I wrote all these philosophical sermons geared like to preaching Christ as a revolutionary type of character who changed things in his time, and getting people to want to change things today. And I started off preaching these sermons 'cause I knew there were millions of people wondering what ever happened to the little miracle child, and I completely failed 'cause they didn't want to hear this.

"I started back in a church in Texas one Sunday night. And the place was packed. This was my first meeting back. I preached about those lines I mentioned, and there wasn't one 'Amen!' and whoops the crowd fell way down, and the next night there was only 30 or 40 people back." I was booked for three weeks; they cancelled me out in five nights. And the pastor asked me, 'Well how come you don't preach on The Blood? Or The Heaven and The Hell? When you gonna preach The Truth?' Which to me was garbage.

"So after about two months of doin' this, I was failin' miserably. They didn't even want to hear

ause these people are taught not worry about today, 'cause Revelation says these times will come and pass but someday we're all in' to Heaven, so don't worry about it; there's nothin' you can do to alter God's plan. Keep your head up an' look up. Know that our redemption draweth nigh."

Okay, then. Here's the obvious question. Since you only went back to say the things you wanted to say, why didn't you clear right out when you found you couldn't say them? Marjoe looks puzzled for a minute. "Well, that's a very good question," which means he hasn't got a very good answer yet.

Then, he adds, "Because I've done this since I was four years old. You don't give up something you've been trained to do as a child. I am a performer. I enjoy being on stage. I enjoy preaching. I enjoy working with people. And I kept justifying this by saying, well, all these people want is a show! They don't go to movies. They don't go to concerts. This is their entertainment, their social club. And so I changed and started pin' it as an entertainer. Started preachin' The Fire and The Brimstone, and immediately the crowds got bigger, the audience responded because I was giving them what they wanted to hear. And I didn't think there was anything wrong with making money from them for my performance. You pay \$5.50 to go to a concert, don't you? I worked

very hard."

Does Marjoe then think that all other evangelists are as phoney as he? "Not phoney," he says right away. "I consider them doing a lot of harm, let's put it that way. It's not that they're phoney—they believe what they're saying, they're not in it as crooks. But it's what they're saying that I think is damaging and not helping people at all. They think it's right to take three or four offerings in one church service. They think it's right for them to be driving Cadillac automobiles and living in beautiful homes. They think because they're God's men, they're supposed to try to get all this money because they work for God. They think this is the way they further the kingdom of God, and that God's people should give them these things. And this is phoney, but they think that it's right. The whole thing is geared around money."

Even Billy Graham is not immune from Marjoe's criticism: "What Billy Graham does is on a similar level to what I did," Marjoe asserts. "'Cause look, here's a man who's got a lot of people under his power, who will listen to anything he says, but he will not speak about the war, he will not speak about racism, he's strictly Heaven and Hell, Come to Christ in Madison Square Garden and take the escalators on your left to Jesus. I don't think that's right.

He could do so much to really help, to get people to be ready for life right now. I just think it's too bad he doesn't do that."

Marjoe is even more down on the Jesus freak movement out of personal experience: "The leaders of this Jesus movement, the ones who are putting all those rallies together and sort of, I feel, duping these kids, are the very same red-neck, bigoted preachers who four or five years ago would not allow a long-haired kid with bare feet into their church. Then, it started to get in vogue, and money was down, and people were tired of giving, so these men decided to go reach the hippies. And *then* they started preaching peace and love, and it's what they're teaching these kids. And they're making them just as narrow about that as their parents are about other things.

"So these Jesus people will come up to you in California and they'll say, 'Oh peace, brother! Jesus loves you, and we love you,' and they're beautiful. That's a nice rap. Unless you say to them, I'm not interested. Then they'll turn on you. They turn immediately. They say, 'you know the Bible says in Revelation that you're goin' to burn in Hell.' And that part's bad. It's a closed issue.

"I feel that if a kid needs Jesus as a religion or a crutch, and it works for him in his life, and he's peaceful and content with it, that's fine. An' he can tell other people

about it; that's cool too. But I take a guy who says I believe in Buddha and say you're goin' to burn in Hell. Don't wash him either."

Marjoe's own views on religion have taken a few unexpected turns as well. He says he is absolutely an atheist but that he never believed in the God that I preached as a child, because I was telling people that I was called at 13 years old, and God appeared to me in a dream. And I knew that was a lie because it was my mother training me four or five hours a day, and so I didn't believe in anything else either."

Now Marjoe is a strong believer in karma which says that "everything moves in a circle. Like if you harm a fellow man or know him and intentionally do a bad thing to him eventually it comes back to you. You pay for it. That kind of justice thing. You create your own heaven and hell. If you do good's going to come back to you. If you do evil and harm someone that also will come back to you."

"I really feel that there should be some way you could communicate to people that you don't need a man up there saying This Is The Way or an organization saying Have It And Everyone Else Damned To Hell. If there was a way you could tell people that you, it's God in you, or you are God. And if you could communicate to people that you don't need



man to give you your pie-in-the-sky, that would be so great. But the thing of it is, if churches were to preach that, the congregation would say, well, I don't need you anymore. And so you *have* to keep them coming back. You *have* to give them just enough to get them back next Sunday."

## CONCLUSION

Well. What are we to make of this film and the man it whirls about? It's easier to deal with the film than the man, for if Marjoe's attitudes are changing and somewhat double-edged, "Marjoe's" are not.

It's rather obvious from the very beginning that the film makers have no interest in Marjoe's followers other than showing how easily and thoroughly he duped them. The film makers seem mainly interested in putting together a piece of goods for non-believers and "sophisticates" to get many a laugh out of. By the way the camera zooms in on people with the most flamboyant reactions to Marjoe's preaching, from the editing that cross-cuts scenes of Marjoe in his meetings with scenes of Marjoe burlesquing his meeting for the amusement of the film makers, from a lot of little things—the smirk of one cameraman's face as he follows the parishioners around, for example—it is obvious that the film makers have no respect, and not even any charity, for the people they are filming.

*"When I preached about Christ as a revolutionary, I failed 'cause they didn't want to hear this."*





*"The Jesus people are nice to you until you say you're not interested and then they turn on you."*

Nor, it turns out, did he bother to tell the people they were filming, that they were doing anything more than a documentary. Marjoe's tour, leaving the partisans to trustingly believe that they were among friends. Whatever you may think of evangelism (and I would like to know a lot more about the nature of its hypnotic hold over people than this film is able to convey), it doesn't deserve this. Whatever else these believers are, they are defenseless, and the film takes rather nasty advantage of that fact. It kicks them while they're down. In fact only while they're down.

Marjoe himself is much more complex. And it's a complexity that becomes all the more fascinating because of both his final decision to leave evangelism and the way he went about leaving it. You have to applaud somewhat the fact that he finally left and in the process made sure it was an irrevocable departure. But the way he chose to leave is not so admirable. It may be sorry about his preaching, but he shows precious little sorrow about letting the people he has already duped be even more shamefully used by the film makers than that he could escape.

And if, as has been alleged, he is making a fair amount of money from the film, his conduct is even less honorable. Certainly the publicity he has reaped has given him quite a comfortable start on the

new career he pursues.

Still. Talking about Marjoe is somewhat like casting the first stone at the prostitute. Who can say he'd do any better than Marjoe did? Most of us get into situations somewhat analogous to Marjoe's as an evangelist, and if we don't attack people at the root of their faith, we get at them on many of their other home bases. And we do

not often have the grace to admit it and find a way—any way—out.

So whatever else can be argued about the film and about the man one thing has got to be agreed upon. The moneylenders are still in the temple. But Marjoe Gortner's no longer one of them. □

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Lewis Archibald is a New York film critic and contributor to national publications.





# TOUCH@GO

## More Interviews?

I think YOUTH is great! Do you think you could do more interviews, like with Carole King, James Taylor, Neil Young, Neil Diamond, Mrs. M. L. King, Mrs. Robert Kennedy? I love it when you do interviews because you don't tell us facts—you tell us what the person is and why he is and I guess that's the only thing that really matters. Also, could you please tell Doug Brunner that his cartoons are beautiful—there's so much in them. —R.A., Montreal, Quebec

## Relevant Religion

As a Roman Catholic religion instructor and a college student, I consider myself quite fortunate to have stumbled across a back copy of YOUTH magazine. The material therein was the most current, relevant, and enriching that I have found in the field of religion. I believe that this magazine will be very appealing to my religion students and so I wish to place an order. —P.H., Plattsburgh, N.Y.

## On Target

I have been reading your magazine for the last several months and have been greatly impressed. I know of no other magazine which scores such a direct hit on the interests of the senior highs at this church. —S.B., Louisville, Ky.

## The Lord's Work

Recently I came across a copy of your magazine and I must say that I was joyfully impressed. . . . let me rephrase that . . . my reaction was more like "Praise the Lord for such a magazine!" So I would like to have my name added to your list of subscribers. I'll introduce the magazine to some of my young people and I am sure that they will want to receive it regularly, too. So hurry and send me one. This is the kind of magazine we've long been waiting for. I see you are already publishing Volume 23—too bad that I didn't come across a copy sooner. I have to think about all that I must have missed out on. Keep up the good work—that is, of course, the Lord's Work. May He bless you as you continue to serve our young people well.

—J.K., Cocksackie, N.Y.

## On Being a Long-Hair

I fully support the girls of St. Joseph-by-the-Sea in their quiet demonstration march (September 1972 issue of YOUTH), but I can't help thinking this: If it had been a group of long-hairs protesting the war or marching for legal abortion or marijuana, they would have been gassed, clubbed, thrown in jail, and their grievances ignored.

—D.G., Atlanta, Ga.

## **Inbalanced diet**

In our judgment, YOUTH magazine is lacking in a "balanced" content for its readers.

Certainly there is a definite need for young people to take hold and be "out in the world" doing and being the faith. I have, for a number of years, been working against the "stained-glass trap" that put the expressions of Christianity almost totally within the sanctuary. I have applauded the efforts of the younger folk to bring a relevance to their religion wherever it is being expressed. And I have appreciated the recording of these aspects of the Christian faith by YOUTH magazine.

Yet, there has been a scarcity of challenging young people to seek a reason for their faith and to participate in what we Presbyterians call "means of grace," i.e. prayer, Bible study, corporate worship. Now don't think that I am a pious fundamentalist — far from it. It is just that I firmly hold the conviction that the Christian faith is truly viable when the word and the deed are both genuinely and sincerely expressed. And, YOUTH magazine seems to major in making the deed all inclusive.

—J.C., Staunton, Va.

## **Poster for Two**

Enclosed is two dollars for the righteous poster shown on pages 32-33 of your July 1972 issue of YOUTH magazine. I'd love to have one. Peace and joy to you.

—P.C., Wadsworth, Ohio

## **Future Features in YOUTH:**

- Young volunteers flock to aid flood victims in South Dakota and Pennsylvania
- What moviegoers ought to know about rising violence in films
- Beyond 1984: A conversation between Anthropologist Margaret Mead and Theologian Roger L. Shinn
- If college is a big question mark for you, check our College Guide
- Janet Lynn, star skater, shares her thoughts on her sport, her religion, and her future
- YOUTH's photographer-reporter escapes from an alleged attempt on his life in Northern Ireland
- An inside look at high schools in Communist China
- A special 1973 calendar as only YOUTH can do it!
- Exclusive interviews with Pete Seeger and Euell Gibbons, two popular seers whose insights never grow old
- What does Christian ethics say about sex, drugs, war, racism, and man? (new series by J. Barrie Shepherd)
- And more cartoons from Brunner's world

### **Photo credits**

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OTHER PAGES: Wide World Photos, 2, 3, 7 (bottom), 8, 40 (left), 54, 56; Paul Ahrens, 4 (left), 7, 11; from Jeff Lord, 4 (right); United Press International, 5, 60; Jack and Betty Cheetham, 18 through 26, 29; Mark Byers, 28, 62-63; Paul Robinson, 31 through 39; Cinema V, 40 (right), 41, 42, 46, 50; Ruth Bernal, 45, 49, 51; Photos taken for YOUTH in Australia, 57, 58, 59, 61.



GOULD  
MEDAL  
CHAMPION



When people talk about me as the greatest woman swimmer in the world I feel embarrassed. I realize I've achieved something in swimming, and I'm grateful and happy, but sometimes I don't know where to look or what to say when people say I'm the greatest. Really, I would like to do my swimming without all the fuss."

Fifteen-year-old Shane Gould, world freestyle swimming champion, speaks hesitantly of her success. This shy Australian teenager, who won three Gold Medals, one Silver and one Bronze at the Olympic Games, is only on the threshold of her swimming career because, believe it or not, she has been competing seriously for less than two years.

In preparation for the 9000-seat *chwimhale* at Munich, Shane broke the women's world record for every freestyle distance — the 100-meter, 200-meter, 400-meter and 800-meter. In the grueling, but non-Olympic, 1500-meter, Shane cut an amazing 18.6 seconds off the previous women's record. Shane Gould, at 5 feet 7½ inches and 129 pounds, is perhaps one of the most phenomenal sporting stories Australia and the world has seen.

Born during the 1956 Melbourne Olympics (the only time Australia has hosted the Games), Shane had her first confrontation with the water when she was just three weeks old. Ever since that playful splash in a toddler's pool, Shane

has always shown an affinity with the water.

Shortly after she was born, Shane's parents moved to Nandi in the Fiji Islands where Mr. Gould worked as an airline executive. And it was in these early days in Fiji where the future career of Australia's latest wonder-swimmer almost ended in disaster. The inquisitive hands of the young Shane pulled on a table cloth, bringing down a freshly-made pot of tea on top of her. She was badly scalded.

Mrs. Gould rushed back to Sydney with her daughter. Shane was admitted to hospital for emergency treatment. Six months later mother and daughter returned to Fiji—with Shane none the worse for the experience.

It was in tropical Fiji when Shane really developed her love affair with the water. She recalls those carefree, happy days with fond memory. They were filled with "climbing the mango and coconut trees and the drainpipes, and going swimming every day."

She could dog-paddle at the age of three and then she started learning the different strokes. When she was seven, a New Zealand coach, Paul Krause, went to Fiji to hold a ten-day training session. Shane recalls, "He would give lessons each day, just like any coach these days. I'd say he was the one who started me off.

"He told me I had talent, but it didn't mean much to me then. I



## HER LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE WATER DEVELOPED AS A HAPPY, CAREFREE CHILD IN TROPICAL FIJI

was just living then, I didn't even think of becoming a champion. I was just a little girl enjoying life. Mum and Dad realized more that I might have some talent.

"I came back to Sydney when I was nine, and my parents put me into swimming. You know, I used to swim every day in Fiji because it was so hot, but then back in Sydney where it wasn't so hot I found I just couldn't do without it," she said. "I was seven when I won my first race. It was a race of 331 $\frac{1}{3}$  yards. I don't remember the times, but I did beat the boys!"

Shane was 11 when she swam her way into the record books for the first time. She's apologetic. She knows it was a New South Wales state under-12 record, but can't remember whether it was for the 100 meters breast-stroke or freestyle. Now she holds so many records—

club, state, Australian, British Commonwealth, Olympic, world—that again her memory fails her if asked the exact number.

Shane Gould is one of those memories of sport that crops up even now and then. She has a fantastic heart and unswerving dedication. She's a two-beater (two kicks every revolution of the arms), like Dawn Fraser who used more traditional six-beat crawl. Shane has 11 training sessions a week, swimming a total of 30 miles under the watchful eye of her coach, Forbes Carlile.

Just chatting with Shane Gould it's hard to realize she's the world's greatest woman swimmer. Her manner is unassuming, quite charming. There is a maturity and poise which belies her years. She talks freely on any subject you care to name, but inevitably the conversation gets back to swimming.

Q: Does your swimming interfere with your Fourth Year studies at high school?

A: Yes it does. I still get pretty good passes, but I could do a lot better. (She's modest. She topped the class in Geography last year and maintains a solid all-around B average.)



*Shane shows  
an aspiring  
swimmer how  
to hold her  
hand and arm*

Q: Conversely, does your schoolwork interfere with the swimming?

A: Well, I try to put schoolwork first, but in preparation for Munich I got terribly tired from training and found myself sacrificing a morning at school to get some sleep. I really like school; I like the lessons. I've been studying German which helped a lot in Munich.

Q: Is swimming your whole life, or could you give it away tomorrow?

A: It's not my whole life and I wouldn't give it away tomorrow. It's . . . I don't know, that's a pretty hard question. Let's just say I won't give it up tomorrow and it's not my whole life. I've got my school to think of and my family. But I'm pretty dedicated to swimming.

Q: How much do you think about swimming during a normal day?

A: Usually when I wake up I'm about to go training, and when I go to bed I've just been training. I think of other things though. It's not just swimming, swimming, swimming all the time. It's just an extra part of my life, like someone who may be superly-keen on the ballet or collecting records. I just happen to be superly-keen on swimming.

Q: Did your parents push you into swimming?

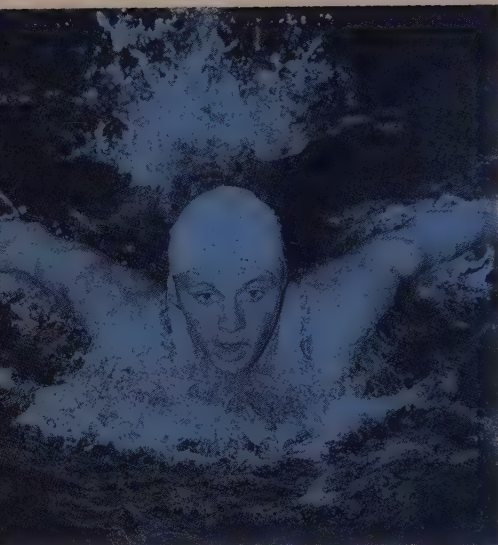
A: No, it was my decision to train as hard as I do and spend so much time on the one sport.

Q: Do your parents ever get upset that you do spend so much time swimming?

A: Yes they do. They keep questioning me as to whether I still want to keep going or not, and I say, "Of course."

Q: That leads to the question,





**"SWIMMING IS NOT MY WHOLE LIFE NOR WOULD I GIVE IT AWAY TOMORROW"**

What challenges lie ahead of you now?

A: Well, There are so many unknown quantities. You never know who's going to be coming up and doing times faster than your own. At the Olympic Games it's the best athletes from the world who compete and it's the best one that comes out on top. But competition continues afterwards. At the moment I've got some of the fastest times, but tomorrow I might only be tenth best. This is what keeps me training and I try to keep on the clock.

Q: What races did you enter at Munich?

A: I swam in the four freestyle races, 100, 200, 400 and 800 meters and two relays. Unfortunately there is no 1500-meter freestyle event for women. This has been my toughest year. There are times when I

have aching muscles and I'm tired but it's worth it. I had decided to go through anything to try to win a Gold Medal or more at Munich.

Q: Do you enjoy training?

A: Yes I do. It's a sort of social get-together of all my friends and training partners. If you treat it as fun, as I try to, it remains fun and never becomes a task. Maybe just the fun of sitting under a hot shower thinking what a terrible training session it has been.

For those of us who find it difficult to get out of bed in the morning, take a look at Shane's typical day: 4:25 a.m. Get up; 4:45-7 a.m. Training; 7 a.m. Breakfast; 8 a.m. Catch the school bus; 3:30 p.m. Home from school; 4 to 6 p.m. Training. Shane then goes home for dinner, maybe watching half an hour of television while she eats. Then, if she is not too tired she'll do half an hour of homework before going to bed between 7:30 and 8 p.m.

Apart from breakfast, Shane has perfectly normal, healthy meals of steak, salads and fruit. Pastries, cakes (of which she is a very fine cook) and other high carbohydrate foods are out. Those that like to start the day with a big feed would



*At their suburban home near Sydney, Shane and her sister, Debbie, 11, inspect one of a family of pet guinea pigs*

udder at Shane's breakfast. It consists of cereal, apricots, prunes, dates, hazelnuts, sunflower seeds, rolled oats, wheat germ and sometimes buckwheat and sesame seeds sweetened with raw sugar. That's a champion's diet. Herb Elliot and Ron Clarke both ate similar foods and became Australia's greatest middle distance runners.

Surprisingly, even though Shane could is a champion, she has never really received the acclaim of other top Australian swimmers like Dawn Fraser and Lorraine Crapp who came up during the 1956 Olympic Games.

But, at the age of 15, Shane has been thrust into the public spotlight far more than any other girl her age. I wondered if she ever gets lonely amidst all the attention she receives.

"I've always got my family. Some-

times I'm set apart from my friends when I'm in a situation where I have to talk to some person. I'd rather be with my friends and just be one of them. It might be at a function for state swimmers—there I just can't mix with my swimming friends, but have to meet the 'important' persons. This is when I can feel lonely and set apart and made to feel different. I do want to feel different in my achievements but not afterwards in the making of speeches and the write-ups in the newspapers. My family helps me not to feel like this."

Q: What does your phenomenal success really mean to you?

A: I get great personal satisfaction that I've achieved something I've really worked for.

Q: Are you ever exhausted after a race, or do you feel you've never really extended yourself?



**"I HAD DECIDED TO GO THROUGH ANYTHING TO WIN A GOLD MEDAL OR MORE AT MUNICH"**

Mark Spitz, winner of seven Olympic Medals, and yourself?

A. Well, he's a man and I'm a woman.

Q: Does swimming effect your relations with the boys?

A: No, because the boys I go with are usually from swimming. I haven't been out with any of the boys from school.

Through swimming, Shane has already seen a good deal of the world. She has been to the U.S., England, France, Sweden, Germany and Italy. "I think I like Germany best," Shane adds, "There are many castles and things romantic about Germany. I guess I'm a little bit of a romantic."

So far, Shane Gould has no plans for retirement, but when she does she hopes to work in tourism, perhaps even the diplomatic service—something along these lines that involves travel. But right now she lives at home in Pymble, a suburb of Sydney, with her parents and three sisters. A few weeks before the Games, Shane had her braces removed from her teeth just in time for a winning smile at Munich. □

A: So far I haven't really extended myself to the fullest.

Q: Are you lazy?

A: Not in my races! I always try my hardest and try to do the best time possible, but so far I have not really had the urge to go on and hurt myself.

Q: Do you try to set world records?

A: No, I don't. I just try to better my own times. (Her own times just happen to often be world records.)

Q: In Munich you broke the world record in the 200-meter freestyle in 2 minutes 3.56 seconds.

A: I don't make any predictions, but I think the two-minute barrier will be broken by a woman in the 200, probably at the 1976 Olympics at Montreal.

Q: Might that be a 19-year-old Shane Gould?

A: I certainly hope so.

Q: How would you compare







## THAT'S THE SPIRIT!

Why do I always seem to want to hear only what I want to hear, yet somehow, God, you keep getting through to me?

Why do you do this to me?

I am quick to pick others apart, but often discover I am guilty of the very thing of which I am critical in others.

I feel exhilarated when I'm with a crowd of like-minded people, but so lonely when left with those who disagree with me.

I look around in the "in" circles for persons I can look up to, but usually I find them among people I've often taken for granted.

I shout out loud to convince others I'm right, but a whisper of truth shatters me.

I blame everyone else—even you—for the tragedies in my life, until I hurt my toe when in anger I kick a chair that got in my way.

I flaunt my physique and talents in an ego trip, until I realize that the "real" me is revealed in how I use what is me.



to ache for acceptance so desperately that I mistake instant intimacy  
for love, until I'm shaken into an awareness of the everyday,  
mutual, long-term growth of true love.

to want to be free so much that I'd like to get away from it all, until  
I observe the really free persons enjoying their living within a  
natural discipline of life, love and responsibility.

to can't understand why others have problems, until I tutor a ghetto  
child, or play with a retarded teenager, or care for an invalid  
grandparent.

to wonder why nations dislike us, until an exchange student tells me  
that our affluent economy refuses to pay for an imported luxury an  
extra penny that could revolutionize the economy of that  
underdeveloped country.

to accept scientific logic and technological progress as my plumb  
line for thinking, until I gag on pollution, sweat out The War, and  
shudder at what minds without a conscience will next create.

Simple answers to the big questions appeal to me, until I suddenly  
realize I'll never grow up unless I make up my own mind about my  
life's direction.

God, I'm not even sure you exist,  
but you persist in taunting me.  
Is it that you know, too,  
that I need your help?

Certainly all around is a certain spirit that moves me. It puzzles me.  
It prods my conscience. It makes me care. It makes me dance. It  
gives me hope. It reminds me of people who care about others and  
about me. People who lift humanity to a new level of dignity and  
destiny. All that Jesus was and is and spoke about. It's a kind of  
spirit that moves me beyond myself—to others, to truth, to love,  
to confidence, to joy, to you.

God, is that your way of getting through to me?





Young campaigners discuss election

Brunnerism

A "spiritual explosion" in Dallas

Filipino teens migrate to Hawaii

"Marjoe" kicks up the sawdust

Touch and go

Shane turns Gould to Gold

That's the Spirit

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